

St. Elmo's Fire

Michael Franks

When I start to care
Then I find there is no one there
But I think of you
And I know, we are something new

We get higher and higher
Crazy blue
Like St. Elmo's Fire
Loves so sharp and flat
That it's hard to know just where you're at
Now I know I want you
I want you to be my woman
Now I know I want you
I want you to be my woman

Got the Werewolf split
When the moon's full I howl at it
But it's mostly fake
I'm in love, with the love we make

When my son's full grown
And he blows mean xylophone
You and I stay tan
In the sun down in Yucatan

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